

# **Eddie Kaspbrak faces Germs and Various Other Dilemmas in**

**Insomniac Arrest**

## **Eddie Kaspbrak faces Germs and Various Other Dilemmas in Romance by InsominiacArrest**

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**Summary:**

Richie and Eddie are dating, or at least their version of it, Richie is sick and Eddie has to finally get over himself to try and visit him

A fluff and angst piece

## **Eddie Kaspbrak faces Germs and Various Other Dilemmas in Romance**

### **Author's Note:**

part of my other story originally, but the tone didn't fit that one so now it's its own thing

Eddie can feel his pulse in his wrist and his jaw going stiff from clenching it so much, “he’s going to fucking die.”

Bill looked back at him blankly, “I s-saw him this morning. He’s f-fine.” Bill shrugs, “Ish.”

Eddie raked a hand through his own hair, “six days! Unless he’s playing extreme hooky, that’s fucking....bad! It’s bad.”

Stan shook his head as they reached their lockers, “Good. He keeps ruining Ms. Cox’s class, literally every day. It’s just her name!” He gives him a fixed look, “He can stay where he is.”

Eddie made a frustrated noise, “Alright, but what happens when his weeping mother comes into school next week, what do we do with that?”

Stan rolled his eyes and Bill gave him a slow look, Ben frowned slightly.

“Why don’t you just go visit him, Eddie?” Ben asks tentatively as he got out his earth-science textbook from his locker.

Eddie went a little pale, slowly shifting from foot to foot, “So he can cough on me?” He gives a sharp laugh, “You know Richie...”

Stan snickers, “Really Eddie? I think we’ll have to tell his ‘weeping mother’ that Richie died of complaining when Eddie didn’t show up to bother him.”

Eddie glances around at the rest of the kids in the hall.

Bill walked over and pats Eddie on the chest, “H-he was asking for

you.”

Eddie frowned slightly and turned around, “I’m sure, he’s,” he gulps, “fine?”

“You just said he was about to die.” Stan shook his head at him.

Bill started to lead them back toward the classroom halls, “don’t think about it too m-much.” He waves, “he’s p-probably not even contiguous anymore.”

Eddie contemplates his shoelaces, he fiddles with the hem of his shirt for a moment before looking up, “he was asking for me?”

“Duh,” Stan shook his head, even Ben was looking slightly pityingly at him.

Eddie follows them across the hall and takes his seat as Stan and Bill go the other direction to English.

Eddie sits through his fifth period with his head down, the science teacher asks if he’s paying attention and Eddie forgets to say something back in return.

Ben is talking to him about the history of meteorites or something along those lines when Eddie feels his stomach drop past his shoes. He looks toward where Richie usually sat, a blue empty chair that was almost gray in the light.

Eddie frowns at the table and then clenched his hands before standing up jerkily. It had been a week, he plants his feet.

Ben gives him a questioning look, “Eddie?”

Eddie takes a deep breath and grabs his backpack, he turns toward the door, “tell Stan I didn’t pussy out.”

Ben squints his eyes, “Okay?”

Mr. Nestor glanced at Eddie as he started for the door, he stares him down, “Excuse me Mr. Kaspbrak?”

“Uh,” Eddie looked his ancient science teacher, he runs through his options in his head. His mouth falls open, he puts his hand on the door. “You’re excused.”

He ran out the door, feeling sting of his own insolence on his back, maybe it was the lack of Richie that influenced him to act like Richie like some sort of law of equalizers. He didn’t know.

Besides, saying ‘I’m sick and need to leave’ meant that they would call his mom and the ‘I’m sick’ conversation in his household was a lot worse than the ‘your son is a little shit’ conversation.

“What are-” Eddie closes the door behind him and doesn’t look back as he darts through the halls and toward the front doors.

Mr. Nestor was not the type of teacher to pursue on his creaking legs and long whiskers, Eddie figured he had at least an hour before the teacher got up the energy to report it.

Eddie was panting by the time he cleared school grounds and started to go over what he planned to say: hey, yeah, don’t breath in my direction but I hope you’re doing okay.

Eddie sighs, maybe this would be a problem.

Eddie knew he himself wasn’t sick, he knew that it was bullshit to begin with, but old habits died hard and besides, The Cosmo his mom kept on the coffee table said it was good not to be too eager. Visiting him every day could be seen as ‘overly invested’ and the whole ‘I tolerate you (a lot)’ sort of thing.

Eddie fast-walks over toward Richie’s house.

It’s brown peeling sides and large box-shaped windows were almost too familiar at this point, with torn screens framing every other one.

He frowns to himself as he creeps up to the windows and peers in to see if Mr. or Mrs. Tozier happened to be home. He found it expectantly empty and a little muggy smelling.

He opens the unlocked door and clambers his way into the kitchen, “alright,” he breaths, “Richie, never say I didn’t anything for you.”

He surveys the kitchen for mugs for tea, but it was just as disarrayed as it had always been.

There was a faded floral pattern on the walls and several days worth of dishes piled up next to the sink, various sticky note-conversations were covering the fridge. Most of which read along the lines of ‘will someone fucking handle this?’ and ‘where’s my milk? I just bought milk.’

Eddie rifles through some cupboards and ends up picking up a sponge on his way.

He cleans two pots for nothing better to do and finds teabags at the bottom of a drawer. He tries to get over himself as he hears wet coughing overhead in the room above.

“He’s fine,” he mutters to himself, “he’s Richie. He’d tell the reaper to go fuck himself before anything else, hell, we already did that.”

He cleans another pan and a couple mugs by the time he notices that he had come all the way here and in fact, not gone up. He might not be able to tell Stan he didn’t pussy out. He takes a deep breath.

SSsssssst

The kettle whistle goes off like a firework crackle through still night air.

“Mom?” A raspy voice calls from up above, “that you?”

“Goddammit.” Eddie curses under his breath and picks up the mug, “Goddammit.”

He pours the steaming water out of the teapot and into the largest brown mug with only one chip taken out of the edge. His skin prickles.

“Come on,” Richie calls again, “I asked for aspirin *yesterday*. ”

Eddie cringes at the sentiment and turns toward the stairs, he opens his mouth as he climbs, and then he closes it.

"You're only contagious the first couple days..." Eddie mutters to himself repeatedly as he ascends, he takes a deep breath.

"What," Richie coughs from within, "radio silence ma? Jesus."

Eddie opens the door a crack and slowly, every so slowly peeks in, "Wrong person."

Richie was laid up in bed, surrounded by hills of kleenex and an array of blankets slipping off the bed as they formed an excessive nest around him. Richie's nose was bright red and he was fumbling for his glasses as Eddie came in.

He raised both eyebrows, "Eds?"

"Don't call me Eds."

"Wait, was that you down there?" He looked surprised.

Eddie nodded, "I was, uh, making me way up."

Richie's brow folded in and he crosses his arms, "No Eds, but you'll let me call you 'mom' now?"

"I was, uh," *getting up the nerve to see you.*

Richie squashed his glasses on his face, "Kinky."

"Oh my God," Eddie started to shuffle across the room, looking both directions at the mess of clothes and sweet smell of sickness in the air. "And here I thought you'd be catatonic by the amount of school you missed."

Richie was shuffling up, "I'm working on it." He chuckles, "though, seriously, am I dreaming? You know I'm sick, right? Like, with germs and shit."

Eddie walked around a sweaty bed shirt and inches up close to the bed, "I'm aware what sick is, and," he sucks in a breath and looks every which direction, "I heard you were asking for me?"

Richie pursed his lips and then shrugged, "I asked if you found some

new ten-inch-wonder boy to mack on. But I see you've come crawling back to the real OG."

"Ugh," Eddie pushes the mug forward, "I brought you tea jackass."

Eddie gives a half-smile, he sniffs loosely and then looks Eddie up and down, "mommy."

"No."

He reaches for the tea and takes it in both hands, Eddie supports it from the bottom, "careful, it's hot."

Eddie raises his eyebrows, "daddy?"

"I hate you."

Richie grins and takes a small sip, "I know. That's why you're here."

"You're lucky I'm a forgiving person." He says shortly.

Richie snickers and wipes his nose, "Sure. Guy who wouldn't talk to me for a month in the third grade after I played with his action figure too rough."

"You know that was fucked up and I was right."

He laughs, "Whatever you say Eddie Spaghetti, I'm honestly just impressed you're here."

Eddie shrugs, "Who else in the club knows anything about medicine."

"Fine point," Eddie sipped his tea and seemed way too pleased.

Eddie considers leaving after delivering the drink but thinks that might be half-assing the job. Healthy Richie wouldn't let him live it down. Even if the blurry look in Richie's eye was still making him nervous.

He looks around for a place to sit, "this is probably why you're aren't getting better." He rolls up his sleeve as he sees a chair under a pile of clothes.



Richie's mouth falls open, "Do not clean my room for me Eddie Kaspbrak."

Eddie glances at him, "it's not like I want to." He begins to pick up a pair of sneakers and socks that almost smell like mildew. "There's nowhere to sit."

"I'm just saying, you're going to find a lot of stiff boxers."

"Ew."

Richie reaches for him, "and you literally came all this way here despite, it's like," he squints at a clock on the wall, "school time?" He cocks his head to the side, "are you skipping?"

Eddie doesn't meet his eye as he piles the clothes up to the side, he wishes he had gloves. Richie throws a tissue in Eddie's direction and Eddie jumps backward.

"Fuck, Richie!" He kicks the used tissue away.

"I'm serious, you skipping?"

Eddie looks down at his hands, "You were asking for me." He itches his wrist, "I haven't been a very good...you know."

Richie was grinning and taking another sip of his tea, "shucks," Eddie rolls his eyes and Richie gestures for him again, "you're cute when you're worried. You're always cute, come over here."

Eddie lets out a breath with forlorn and comes shuffling over to the side of the bed, Richie scoots over so he can perch on the side.

"If you cough on me." He warns steadily, "I will tell everyone you cried like a baby during Old Yeller."

Richie scowls, "Literally everyone cries during that. It's human you lizard-blooded bastard."

"*And* then you wanted to make out in the middle of it."

Richie shrugs, "Okay," he says slowly, "but *you* agreed."

Eddie opens his mouth, and then he closes it, "I'd seen the film before?" He offers.

Richie gives his regular shit-eating grin, "If I woof during our 'closet times' will it turn you on?"

Eddie covers his face, "Why are you like this?"

"Some people are created more blindingly-brilliant than others."

"I'm going to check your temperature now to see how many brain cells you've fried," he sniffs, "Probably all five of the rest of them."

"Aren't you afraid to touch me?" Richie seemed genuinely curious at that.

Eddie just steels himself and slowly lifts his hand and puts the back of it on Richie's forehead, he looked back at him with interest. Eddie refused to back down and keeps his hand there until he's satisfied.

"Your temperature is okay." He leans forward and nods, "but could be better."

Richie hums, "my fever broke yesterday."

"You're still hot." He says plainly.

"Oh, babe, I know." Eddie gives a deep sigh and wipes his hand down, Richie raises his eyebrows, "I am proud of you though. You touched a sick person again, congrats. I'll only turn into a leper at half the speed now from your care."

Eddie scowls, "Don't joke about that."

Richie blows an air kiss his way, "the transformation is already coming on..." He shakes in place, Eddie grabs his arm.

"I'm glad you're not dead," he flicks him, "'cause I think I literally want to be the one to do it."

Richie laughs, making a hoarse sound that turns into a cough and

wrinkling his nose, "I'm honored, I can't even breath out of my nose, feel free to kill me, but like, maybe in a sexy way."

Eddie pinches his nose, "drink your tea and don't talk to me."

Richie snorts and sips again, "I would be offended, but you skipped class for me. Which, again, I'll take it."

Eddie runs his hand through Richie's sweaty curls, trying to unlock them and make him look a little less like a plague girl in her deteriorating cottage.

"I should have come sooner."

Richie sits upright in bed and looks over his glasses at him, "probably."

Eddie makes a face at him, "did you need aspirin? You'll need to drink more water. And broth."

Richie sighs and reaches for Eddie's hand, gradually, as if not to spook him. "Just...stay where you are." He was blinking his blurry eyes, "I'm sure my mom will bring the aspirin eventually."

They share a creeping soft look as the air becomes warm with their breathing.

He feels his fever-hot hand clasp over his and Eddie suppresses a shudder.

"Do you really need...?" Eddie started a sentence he didn't know how to finish.

Richie waves a hand in the air, "Pretend it's your mom's womb." He sniffs, "Stay."

He groans, "I need you to be less you for just a moment."

Richie grins, "Never."

Eddie can't help but smile, just a bit, "Fine."

Richie gathers himself to the side and lets Eddie climb in next to him, he got out a comic book from the crack between the bed and wall.

Eddie scowls, "you've been reading comic books for six days straight while the rest of us were in school?"

He winks behind his askew glasses, "you bet your sweet ass I have been." He picks up and shoves it in his direction.

"Let me finish my tea," he does a pitiful fake-cough, "and you can read to me."

Eddie lets out a put-upon sigh, "this isn't even a good issue..." Richie puts his head on Eddie's shoulder and bats his eyes, Eddie shakes his head, "Fantastic Four issue 67..." He says slowly and opens it up.

Richie seems to try to stay awake, but Eddie could feel his temperature rise as he pressed his sweaty head to his shoulder. He wasn't getting too much better. Eddie leaves a couple times to get him more water and wake him up to make him drink it.

Richie just continually insists he stay with him as he got more slick with fever, Eddie didn't know what to make of that, but he gets back into bed with him each time.

"Hey," Richie coughs, "If I start kicking in my sleep just slap me a little bit."

Eddie lifts his eyebrows, "The dreams bad?"

"Yeah," he looked blurry-eyed, "Fevers suck."

"Okay," Eddie takes his hand and squeezes, "I'll slap you a little bit. It would be my honor."

Richie grins over at him, "Asshole."

Eddie kisses his forehead, "just get some sleep."

Richie takes a shuttering breath. "I can't believe you came here."

Eddie rolls his eyes, "I do *care*."

Richie grins up at him, "I know," he coughs, "You'll kiss me again when I'm better?"

Eddie looks away, his cheeks flushing, "if I don't have your flu then I'll consider it. Maybe. After you ask nicely."

Richie bounces his eyebrows up and down, "Don't lie. You can't stay away."

Eddie shifts him over in place, he should go home. He should do a lot of things. But Richie was looking at him, "Your welcome."

"Thanks."

Richie seems to doze off and Eddie watches him for the night, petting his face when the dreams seemed to shake his body to its core and he tells him he's fine. He's fine.

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Amazingly, Eddie doesn't catch anything the next day and Richie jokingly tells him that was the bravest Eddie-thing he had ever seen him do, he just walks him back to school the next day. He's only grounded for two weeks, which doesn't hold up very well when Richie keeps breaking back in to see him anyway.

They kiss and Eddie congratulates himself for facing down any diseases and any and all things Richie.